

GAGAKU

I'm writing these poems on old
green paper
I'd rather be using white
but I'd have to go to a store
and buy white paper
all I have is old green
and some old blue
paper
even less significant
I see a blurred image
of a demon group
I call them that
it might be a bunch
of innocent kids
girls and boys
playing jumprope hop scotch
4 square tether ball
but no
it is demons
in black unshining cloth
waving hatchets at each other
first playfully
then there is spattering
blood all about
and they are
laughing
now weeping

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as the demand increases
if the price stays the same
the quality decreases
this from one producer
it's then other
producers enter
the field
advertise better quality
it's then demons clang
cooking pans
together at the bottom of
each pan
it's then demons clang the bottoms

of cooking pans together
white enamel pans

large thick teeth wide
in width
off white colored like
most human teeth
changing colored tongue
their pointed stuck out tongue
first flicks the left corner
of mouth on the outside
then switches to right
corner of mouth

pointed tongue
red healthy tongue
moist

LIFE IS MAGIC

sometimes
bad magic
but always
interesting

even if I am not always
interested

life is never boring
though I
am often bored

only the
boring get bored

life is
honest poetry

Pound was right
but I am a
jew
how can I say
Pound was
right?

very right
I am a little
left